Ryoshu ID:: Heishou Pack - Mao Branch
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Ryoshu ID:: Heishou Pack - Mao Branch

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Heishou Ryoshu and her nestmate get freaky with it

Notes

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUUU

Chapter 1

You weren't a fan of this particular burrow to say the least, one of a dozen you'd called 'nest' in the last couple of weeks. This one was at some point a storage unit in the bowels of district's less savory back-alleys, smelling of rust, old chemicals, and the ever-present dampness of the City. Light was a grudging visitor, filtering in mean little slivers through cracks in boarded-up windows, leaving most of your shared den swathed in the deep, familiar gloom that the Heishou Pack wore like a second skin.

But even if it was some ruin full of crumbling concrete and exposed pipes, it meant that you had a place to sleep and cover to use until the next time you we're called out for a mission. Because right now it was downtime, a very rare commodity in your line of work. No lord currently yanking on the leash, no scroll dictating your movements for the night. So you're going to be taking advantage of it.

Deft fingers, calloused from constant strain, yet precise, guided the stone along the edge of your blade, the rhythmic shink-shink-shink almost meditative in it's own way. Each pass was smooth, coaxing a razor sharpness from the metal, a preparedness that was as much a state of mind as a practical necessity for when it would inevitably need to carve through meat and tendon. Around you lay the disassembled parts of your outfit, arm wraps, scarf, harness. Duty, even in downtime, was a constant.

Though the faintest whisper of displaced air, a subtle but easily sensed shift in your senses, was your first warning. Something that would normally set you off to be on alert for a potential attack, but then, the acrid bite of cheap, strong tobacco was there as well putting you at ease instantly. You didn't need to look up to know, that was prrobably the most familiar scent in your life at this point.

Ryōshū filled the crude doorway, a deeper shadow against the ambient darkness. Her hat, a distinctive silhouette of the pack was absent, likely set aside near the entrance. Even without it, her presence was still large, an intensity that warped the very atmosphere of the room. The dying ember of a cigarette, burning out it's last embers by the smell of it, glowed like a baleful eye between her lips. She took one last, deep drag, the tip flaring briefly before she plucked it from her mouth, smoke coiling from her nostrils like an exhaled spirit.

Her red eyes, usually half-lidded and assessing the world for its artistic potential in exsanguination, held a different kind of fire now. It was a predatory gleam, an unblinking focus that bypassed the room, your gear, everything, to lock directly onto you. Her robes, usually immaculate despite the grime and gore of your profession, seemed to cling a little tighter to her frame, outlining the lithe but powerful build that was underneath them. But you could tell from the way that she was sizing you up exactly what she was here for. Even if you hadn't already been familiar with the thrumming energy that was filled the air, you could practically smell it off of her. The tell of her augmentations demanding their due. Her rarig libido, a beast that rarely slept, was wide awake and prowling.

You let out a slow breath, the sounds of your whetstone faltering for a heartbeat. "I'm doing gear maintenance right now Ryōshū." you stated, your voice purposefully flat, gesturing with the stone towards the array of meticulously laid-out equipment. It was a token protest, a flimsy dam against the tide you knew was coming. You'd played this scene before, in countless similar dens. "I don't have time for this."

Ryōshū made a low sound in her throat, something between a scoff and a growl, and flicked the cigarette butt into the shadows with a sharp, impatient gesture. She didn't bother with answering yet. Words were often superfluous when her body sang its own urgent, undeniable song. She moved then, with that uncanny, fluid grace all hares possessed, a silent glide that ate up the distance between you in moments. The smell only intensified as she got closer, sweat, smoke. Musk.

"Later, we don't particularly have until later you know. Our time away is S.L." she drawled out. Her voice was a low rasp, rougher than usual, edged with that tell-tale hunger. Her gaze was a physical touch, already mapping the lines of your body beneath your own attire.

Before you could formulate another objection, her hands were already creeping on you. Not gentle, never gentle when this mood took her. One hand clamped onto your shoulder, fingers digging in with bruising strength, arresting your movement. The other snaked around your waist, pulling you back against her with a force that pressed you flush against the evidence of her arousal. You could feel the rigid length of her dick pressing insistently into the curve of your ass through the layers of your clothing. Her breath, still carrying the ghost of tobacco, hitched against your ear.

"Ryō," you started, a weak attempt at remonstrance, even as your body

betrayed you with a shiver that had little to do with the den's chill. You tried to lean forward, to create some kind of space, your hand still gripping the whetstone as if the mundane task could somehow shield you. "I said I was busy, what part of that don't you understand?".

Her grip merely tightened. Her free hand, the one not crushing your shoulder, began its exploration, fingers splaying possessively across your stomach, then sliding upwards, a dragging caress over your ribs. She nuzzled aggressively at the side of your neck, her lips hot, teeth grazing the sensitive skin just below your earlobe, sending jolts of electricity down your spine. The heavy, rhythmic throb of her erection ground against you, a silent, irrefutable argument as her hips began a slow, suggestive roll.

"To instruct a hare on how it should behave, when you are not it's lord. It's amusing." she growled, her voice muffled against your skin. Her hand slid higher, thumb brushing the underside of your breast, and you knew, with absolute certainty, that the whetstone was about to be abandoned. "W.S.I.L.T.Y." The familiar dance was well underway, her insistence a tidal wave, and your will, as always, was crumbling like sand. It was, after all, going to happen. And a deep, traitorous part of you, the part that understood the fierce, insatiable nature of your nest mate, the part that had long since acclimatized to this, was already stirring in anticipation.

The whetstone clattered from your nerveless fingers, forgotten on the dusty concrete. Your protest died in your throat as Ryōshū's mouth crashed down on yours There was no finesse, no gentle invitation; it was a raw, hungry assault. Her lips were firm, they ground against yours with an urgency that stole your breath. Her tongue thrust past your teeth, demanding entry, and you yielded, a soft gasp escaping you as she plunged into the wet warmth of your mouth.

It was a battle more than a kiss, a desperate, sloppy meld of spit and breath. Her tongue dueled with yours, coiling, thrusting, a dominant force exploring every recess, tasting you with an almost violent thoroughness. You could feel the faint scrape of her teeth against your lips, a thrilling little nip that sent shivers cascading through your system, and you bit back, a spark of your own rising fire meeting hers. Her answering groan was a low and guttural, vibrating from her chest into yours where you were pressed so tightly together. One of her hands tangled in your hair, yanking your head back slightly, angling you for an even deeper kiss, her fingers twisting, not quite painful but commanding. The air filled with wet, open-mouthed sounds, the slick slide of tongues, the ragged gasps for air.

"You're a terrible kisser you know, be thankful that you taste nice." she rasped against your lips. Her hips continued their relentless grinding, that impressive, thick erection a constant, insistent pressure against your ass.

Your own hands, almost of their own accord, found their way to her hips, smoothing over them, then lower, seeking the source of that incredible heat. Through the rough fabric of her pants, you cupped her, feeling the full, rigid length of her cock straining against the material. It was a substantial weight, hot and hard, twitching slightly at your touch. She let out a sharp hiss, a sound of pure, unadulterated pleasure, and her kiss somehow became even more frenzied.

Emboldened, your fingers fumbled with the ties of her pants, clumsy in their haste. Ryōshū didn't help, too lost in the kiss, but she didn't hinder you either, her body pliant in that specific way it became when her arousal peaked. Finally, you managed to loosen the drawstring, your hand slipping inside the rough fabric, past the softer material of her undergarments. Your palm closed around her bare cock.

God, it was big. Thick, veined, and slick with precum, pulsing with a life of its own. It felt like heated iron in your grasp. Her entire body shuddered as your fingers encircled her, your thumb finding the sensitive, leaking head. A choked sound tore from her throat, swallowed by your kiss, as you began to stroke her, your hand moving up and down the impressive shaft, feeling the power contained within. Her hips bucked into your touch, a desperate, needy thrust.

"Haah... harder," she panted, breaking the kiss for a desperate, gasping breath, her forehead pressed against yours, eyes squeezed shut.

With a surge of her own impatient strength, she tugged at the front of your own shirt, popping a button, then another, her fingers rough and seeking. Her free hand, the one not buried in your hair, clawed at your shirt, pulling it aside, exposing the skin of your shoulder and collarbone to the cool, damp air. With uncoordinated stumbling feet, she maneuvered the both of you, half-dragging, half-lifting, towards the meager sleeping mat in the corner—a worn, thin futon that was the closest thing to comfort in this temporary hole.

She didn't so much lower you as guide your fall, following you down, her body pressing you into the mat. But instead of settling between your legs, she shifted, her movements surprisingly agile. Before you could fully register the change, her hips were above your face, pants bunched around the legs bracketing your head. The air was suddenly

thick with her musk.

Her erection, freed from its confinement now that her pants were gaping open from your earlier ministration, bobbed heavily just inches from your face. It was a daunting sight, flushed and engorged, the tip glistening. Ryōshū let out a low, throaty chuckle, a sound of pure, sadistic delight.

"N.N.T.B.S" she murmured, her voice a husky purr from above you. She shifted her hips, and the head of her cock nudged against your cheek, a bold, wet touch. Then, deliberately, she dragged it across your lips, leaving a slick trail of her arousal. "Hares aren't known to be gentle, but it'll only be as painful as you make it."

It nudged at the corner of your mouth, a blatant, insistent demand for entry. The sheer audacity, the raw demand in the gesture, sent another wave of heat coiling deep in your belly. You could feel her gaze on you, expectant, even if you couldn't see her face past the overwhelming reality of her arousal. The tip of her cock nudged again, more insistently this time, parting your lips slightly.

So you did, you parted your lips, and the heavy, slick head of Ryōshū's cock nudged past them, pressing into the wet heat of your mouth. The taste of her was immediate, a potent cocktail of with the prime ingredients being heady arousal, utterly unique to her. It was a mouthful, thick and almost intimidatingly long, but you were no stranger to this particular brand of her artistry. Your tongue tentatively flicked out, tasting the slick dew that beaded on the tip before your lips closed around her, taking as much of her length as you could manage in that first encompassing suck.

Ryōshū let out a low, appreciative groan from above, her hips giving a small, involuntary jerk. "Hnngh… for such a meek bunny you're nothing short of eager," she commented, her voice a strained whisper.

Her hand, the one not bracing herself on the mat beside your head, came to rest on the back of your skull, her fingers tangling in your hair, not painfully, but with a firm, guiding pressure. Your lips worked diligently, creating a vacuum, drawing her deeper. Your tongue swirled around the thick shaft, tracing the prominent veins that pulsed beneath the taut skin, then lapping eagerly at the sensitive underside, where the flesh was softer, more responsive. You used your hands too, one cradling her heavy, sweat-slicked balls, gently massaging them as you worked, the other gripping the base of her cock, providing a rhythm to your sucking, ensuring each downward pull of your head

took her as deep as your throat would allow.

"Deeper. I know you're capable," Ryōshū instructed, her fingers tightening slightly in your hair, tilting your head back further. "S.L.U.T."

You obeyed, pushing past the slight gag reflex, forcing your throat to open wider, accepting more of her. The sensation of her thick, pulsing length pressed against the back of your throat was intense, almost overwhelming, but her guttural moans and the way her hips began to buck more insistently spurred you on. You could feel the rhythmic throb of her pulse against your tongue, a primal beat that echoed the frantic thrumming in your own veins.

"Good," she praised, the word a possessive hiss. "Though the base could use a touch up." She wanted you to pay attention to the root of her shaft, to lavish it with the same attention you gave the glans. You complied, swirling your tongue around the thick circumference where it met her body, occasionally flicking it up to lick at the surrounding area, tasting the salty sweat that gathered around her abs and stomach. Her breath hitched, a sharp, ragged sound, and her hips began to pump in earnest, fucking your mouth with a desperate, building rhythm.

"Hnnghh! How does it feel, huh? To be beneath your nestmate like this?" she gasped out, her voice cracking. "Ah… mmgn..."Her hand on your head was no longer just guiding; it was gripping, holding you firmly in place as her pace quickened, her thrusts becoming deeper, more frantic. The mat rustled beneath her, the only sound besides your wet, sloppy ministrations and her ragged, increasingly desperate pants. You could feel the tension coiling in her body, her thighs quivering, her entire frame vibrating with the approaching storm.

"Almost… there... keep..." Her voice was getting needy. You redoubled your efforts, sucking harder, faster, your throat muscles working overtime, milking her with all your skill. Her scent filled your nostrils, thick and intoxicating.

Then, with a final, violent thrust that buried her to the hilt, her body arched bow-string taut. A strangled cry ripped from her lungs, some kind of half whine, half growl. "NGAAAAAHHH!"

A torrent of hot, thick cum flooded your mouth, coating your tongue, the back of your throat, wave after wave of her essence. It was copious. You swallowed reflexively, again and again, determined to

take every last drop as she pulsed and spasmed above you, her release shaking her from head to toe. Her grip in your hair slackened, her body going momentarily limp.

When her bucking subsided to mere tremors, she let out a long, shuddering sigh, her breath still ragged. Slowly she withdrew from your mouth, her cock glistening, slightly less rigid but still impressively thick. The air felt cool on your wet lips.

Before you could even think to wipe your mouth, her thumb was there, hooking into the corner of your cheek, pulling it to the side. Her crimson eyes, glazed with somewhat sated lust but still sharp, bored into yours. "Open," she commanded.

You complied, letting your mouth fall open.

"Tongue," she ordered. You stuck it out, and she peered intently into your mouth, her gaze clinical as she looked you over. A faint smirk played on her lips, she released your cheek, her thumb dragging slowly across your lower lip. "At least you can listen to orders pretty well, you got that part of being Heishou correct."

"You could still let me know when you're about to cum you know, but I know consideration isn't you're strongsuit." The lingering taste of Ryōshū's climax was still warm and potent in your mouth as she shifted. She pushed herself up slightly, her dark hair, damp with sweat, falling across her shoulders. Her gaze, still hazed with her own recent pleasure but sharp with renewed intent, raked over your exposed form on the thin mat. You lay there, your own clothes in disarray, tunic gaping open, pants loosened and riding low on your hips, your body thrumming with a mixture of satisfaction from pleasing her and the rising tide of your own anticipation.

"Hmph." With a low grunt, she maneuvered herself down your body, her knees now further back on the mat pas your thighs. Her rough, calloused hands went to your legs, pushing them further apart, spreading you wide for her inspection. The cool air of the den immediately kissed your exposed core, making you shiver.

"What are you doing?"

"Exactly what you asked for you dullard." she muttered, her eyes narrowed in that appraising way she had when contemplating a new piece of art. "And what I see right now, is a canvas worth very heavy consideration."

Her head dipped low, dark strands of her hair brushing against your inner thighs like silken whips. You braced yourself, your fingers instinctively clenching the worn fabric of the futon. Her hot breath, puffed against your most sensitive flesh an instant before her mouth descended.

There was no gentle preamble. Her tongue, that same skilled, demanding muscle that had just dueled with yours, swept across your clit with a shocking, electric jolt. It was a broad, firm lick, covering everything, and a gasp tore from your lips. Her lips followed, pulling the already hypersensitive nub into the warm, wet cavern of her mouth, suckling with a constant rhythm.

"Who knew it would take so little to get you going," she hummed against you, the vibrations driving you wild. "S.W.E.E.T."

Her fingers joined the assault, two of them sliding easily into your already damp entrance, stretching you gently, then moving in a slow, circular massage against your G-spot. At the same time, her tongue continued its relentless work on your clit—flicking, lapping, swirling, occasionally catching the tiny peak between her lips and tugging with just the right amount of pressure to make your hips jerk upwards. You cried out, a high, keening sound, as waves of pleasure began to build.

"Heh, keep squirming just like that," she commanded, her voice muffled against your flesh. "makes me want to devour you even more." She seemed to feed off your reactions, her efforts becoming more intense, more focused, the more you writhed and moaned beneath her. Her thumb joined in, pressing and rubbing in a counterpoint rhythm to the clever dance of her tongue and the deep probing of her fingers.

Each sensation was a live wire, sparking and fizzing through your system. The rough texture of her tongue, the slick glide of her fingers, the pressure of her mouth—it was an onslaught designed to break you down, to render you a pliant, quivering mess. You could feel the moisture pooling between your legs, your own slickness mingling with her saliva.

"N.A.T," she observed, her voice thick with concentration, her fingers sliding in and out of you with increasing ease. "Open up a little more, you're being difficult." She shifted slightly, her tongue moving lower, lapping at the entrance to your cunt, tasting the juices that flowed freely now. She licked up and down your folds, her mouth a hot, wet brand on your aching flesh.

Her pace was merciless, a relentless build-up. She knew your body, knew just where to touch, how to lick, when to apply pressure to drive you to the edge, only to pull back slightly, prolonging the exquisite torture. Your breath came in ragged sobs, your back arched off the mat, your nails digging into the thin fabric as if it were the only thing anchoring you to reality.

"Good enough," she rasped, lifting her head for a moment, her amber eyes gleaming with a predatory light, your slickness shining on her lips and chin. She didn't wait for an answer, her expression one of smug satisfaction as she took in your trembling thighs and the sheen of sweat on your skin. "I think I have a pretty good grasp on just how desperate this little bunny is."

Her hand, still slick with your juices, moved from between your legs, one set of fingers giving your clit a final, sharp tweak that made you scream, before she pushed herself up, positioning her body over yours once more. The canvas was prepped. The artist ready to make her mark.

The glint in Ryōshū's eyes was pure, predatory hunger. She rose above you, her dick, still slick with your shared juices, jutting proudly before her. Without a word, she grabbed your ankles, her grip like iron bands. Effortlessly, she lifted your legs, bending your knees and pushing your thighs back until your legs were jutting out into the open air, your cunt completely exposed, tilted up to meet her. The position was vulnerable, a mating press that left you utterly open.

"Hold still," she commanded, her voice a low growl as she positioned the thick head of her cock at your entrance. "It's gonna be T.I.G.H.T."

She plunged into you with a single, powerful stroke, filling you completely. A mixture of pain and exquisite pleasure as your body stretched to accommodate her impressive girth. She was huge, a perfect, throbbing fit, hitting that deep spot within you that sent shockwaves of sensation through your entire system. Your legs, trapped in her grip against your shoulders, trembled uncontrollably.

"Hahhhh..." she hissed out as she began to move. Her thrusts were deep, punishing, each one a stroke of her "art" upon your "canvas." She set a relentless pace, fucking into you with a focused intensity that left no room for thought. Her hips slammed against yours, the wet slap of flesh echoing in the small, dark space. You could only cling to the mat, your knuckles white, and take her, your body a vessel for that insatiable need.

"Feels good doesn't it?" she grunted, her own breath starting to come in harsh gasps, though her rhythm never faltered. Her eyes were squeezed shut in concentration, her face a mask of strained ecstasy. The muscles in her arms and shoulders corded with effort as she drove into you again and again.

Just as you felt your own climax beginning to build, a searing, coiling heat low in your belly, she pulled out almost completely, leaving you gasping. "Not yet, you got to work for it." she panted. "We're hardly even getting started."

Before you could protest or recover, she shifted, releasing your ankles. "Flip over," she ordered, nudging your hip with her knee. You scrambled to obey, your limbs shaky, rolling onto your stomach. She was on you in an instant, pulling your hips up, your ass high in the air. Her cock, slick and hot, probed between your cheeks, then slid into you from behind, finding a different, equally devastating angle. This position allowed her to go even deeper, each thrust jarring your entire body, her balls slapping against your heated flesh.

"Mggh..." she groaned, her voice rough against your ear, one hand gripping your hip to steady your bucking body, the other snaking around to cup your breast, her thumb teasing your nipple into a hard peak. "Arch back some more." Her pace was brutal, feral. She fucked you like a wild thing, her hare instincts running rampant. Your own heightened senses, the product of your augmentations, were screaming, overwhelmed by the sheer intensity of her assault. You could feel your own orgasm cresting again, a desperate, shattering wave that tore through you, and you screamed into the mat, your body convulsing around her.

Ryōshū found her own release not long afterr, her hot seed flooding you for the second time. She collapsed on top of you, her heavy body a dead weight, her breathing ragged against your sweaty back. For a precious few seconds, there was stillness, only the sound of your mingled, gasping breaths.

But it was short-lived. Her stamina was relentless, her needs seemingly bottomless. Soon, you felt her stir, her cock, already hardening again within you, giving another twitch. "More," she mumbled, her voice thick with lingering pleasure and renewed hunger. "Get on top."

With a weary groan, you pushed yourself up, Ryōshū rolling onto her back. You straddled her, your muscles screaming in protest, your core aching, yet a thrill still shot through you at the sight of her waiting,

her erection already at full mast again, pointing towards you like a challenge. You lowered yourself onto her slowly, taking her deep, wincing and sighing as she filled you once more.

"Hop to it," she urged, her hands gripping your hips, guiding your movements, setting a pace for you she was already expecting. "Hurry up.

You tried. You rode her as best you could, your body moving with the practiced rhythm of a fellow hare, but her energy was boundless. Round after round they blurred together, a maelstrom of tangled limbs, slick bodies, and hoarse cries. She took you on your side, her leg scissored between yours, grinding into you with savage force. She pulled you onto her lap as she sat against the damp wall, fucking you with a relentless, driving rhythm that left you breathless and seeing stars. Her dialogue was a constant stream of demands, guttural moans, and artistic exclamations about the "beauty" of your shared exhaustion and pleasure.

"Not yet... I'm still hungry," she'd pant, even as sweat dripped from her brow and her muscles quivered with exertion.

After what felt like an eternity, as the first hints of grey dawn dared to creep through the cracks in the boarded windows, you found yourself utterly spent. Your own hare-augmented endurance, usually formidable, was nothing compared to Ryōshū's ravenous, almost supernatural stamina. You were splayed beneath her, boneless and gasping, your vision swimming.

"Ryō… shū…" you panted, your voice barely a whisper. "Can't… no more…"

She was still thrusting into you, slower now, but with no sign of stopping. She looked down at your dazed face, a faint, almost cruel smirk on her lips. "Almost... finished..."

And as she gathered herself for yet another climax, you knew you had no choice but to take it.

Just a little more, you hope.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Hi small chapter, third one will be dropped soon as well reader will be topping big play on domination loss so yippie yahooie also bigger than the other two
>
> This one was gonna be longer but I cut out the thighjob because I hate all of you
>
> Playing through canto 8 rn it's pretty gas Lei Heng/Jia Qia bara yaoi is real ambatukammmmmm
>
> smth smth please enjoy

The city was sprawled out in a vast blanket beneath you, a labyrinth of shadowed canyons and glittering, indifferent towers under the bruised velvet of the night sky. You were a phantom, one of hundreds, a silent black wave of Heishou surging across the rooftops of District 8. Everything completely silent save for the whisper of wind around conical hats and the soft thud of feet on weathered concrete, blending into the urban jungle as you leaped around.

A dried bamboo scroll, delivered beneath your door hours ago was all it taken to set this nocturnal hunt in motion. It was the usual mission, some underboss of a syndicate who'd crossed the wrong lord, and now there was a legion of shadows flowing with towards the rendezvous point. Wind whipped at your concealing robes, carrying the distant, chaotic symphony of the City below. Time is a factor; the target is mobile.

Your augmented legs carried you in long, effortless bounds, clearing gaps between buildings that would make an ordinary human's heart seize. Beside you, Ryōshū moved with the same grace, a slightly more compact shadow, her own ōdachi at her side, distinct from the Q Corp. blade currently in use. You were making good time, the collective murmur of soft footfalls and rustling fabric a quiet symphony usually predating carnage.

Then, without warning, a hand like a steel trap clamped onto your arm, yanking you abruptly from the main flow of shadows. You stumbled, nearly pitching off the slick, angled roofline before Ryōshū's strength pulled you sharply towards the shadowed lee of a massive,

grimy ventilation unit.

"Ryōshū! What the hell are you doing?!" you hissed, a whisper lost in the wind, your heart hammering from the sudden deviation. The other hares, mere blurs in the darkness, flowed past, oblivious or, more likely, indifferent to your sudden absence. Discipline was for the mission, not for questioning a fellow hare's momentary eccentricity unless it compromised the objective directly.

"Detour, it'll be Q.U.I.C.K." she breathed, her voice a low growl against your ear, already too close. Her body pressed against yours, trapping you between the cold metal of the ventilation unit and her own heat.

Before you could argue, her teeth were at your neck, not drawing blood, but nipping sharply at the sensitive skin just below your jawline, sending illicit shivers down your spine despite the urgency of your situation. Her free hand was already busy, sliding beneath your outer robe, fingers splaying across your ass, kneading and squeezing with the same usual possessiveness.

"Just hold still," she murmured, her lips moving against your skin, her breath hot. "And then we can hop back to it."

"Are you insane?!" you managed, trying to push her away, though it was like trying to move a tree. "The mission, Ryo! We're on a clock, so try to keep your D.I.C.K in your P.A.N.T.S!" Your protest sounded weak even to your own ears, a familiar script in the face of her overwhelming impulses.

She scoffed, a puff of air against your throat that was almost a chuckle. Her hips ground against yours, and you could feel the unmistakable, insistent pressure of her burgeoning erection through the layers. "I said I'll be quick" she insisted, her hand sliding from your ass around to your groin, cupping you boldly. "They won't notice two Heishou missing." Her fingers began a subtle, knowing massage, and despite your frustration, a traitorous warmth began to pool in your belly.

"Ryōshū, they'll leave us behind! We have to.... mmngh... focus!" You gasped as her nipping became more insistent, her other hand snaking up your torso, fingers fumbling with the clasps of your robe.

"S.Y.N.C," she countered, her voice cut you off, that stark, cut tone she used when discussing her more than unique philosophies. Her erection pulsed against your thigh, this was already too fargone. She tugged your head to the side, her mouth finding yours in a bruising, open-

mouthed kiss, that fucking unshakeable self-assurance. Her tongue swathed around, demanding, taking.

Goddamnit, the closer she pushed herself into you the more you could tell you were steadily losing the battle of wills. Your resistance, born of mission pragmatism, crumbled under the sheer force of her desire. With a groan that was half exasperation, half surrender, you sagged against the cold, damp wall of the ventilation unit. Your hands came up, not to push her away, but to brace yourself against the metal.

Ryōshū pulled back from the kiss, a triumphant, predatory gleam in her amber eyes, visible even in the deep shadows. "G.G," she purred, already smug at her victory.

The protest died on your lips as Ryōshū's actions we're faster than you could even bother to follow. Her hands seized the waistband of your pants and, with a single, powerful yank, dragged them down to your thighs, hobbling you. The rough fabric scraped against your skin, bunching uncomfortably around your knees. Simultaneously, she shoved you forward, pressing your upper body flat against the surface of the ventilation unit. Your cheek scraped against the rough surface, the smell of old metal and city detritus sharp in your nostrils. "I-"

"S.T.F.U," she commanded, her voice a low, urgent rasp right beside your ear. One of her hands splayed across your lower back, fingers digging into your flesh, arching you slightly towards her. The other came up to the side of your head, palm flat, not quite slamming your face into the wall but firmly pinning you there, ensuring you faced the bricks, your vision filled with nothing but crumbling mortar and shadows.

There was no further ceremony, no lingering foreplay. Her cock, already rigid and slick, found your entrance. She thrust into you hard and fast, a single motion that stole the air from your lungs in a choked gasp. It was a tight fit, your muscles still tender from previous encounters and tensed from the illicit nature of this one, but she gave no quarter.

"Finally," she panted, already setting a punishing pace. Her hips slammed into you with piston-like speed, each jarring impact radiating through your body, from your pressed cheek to your trembling legs. There was nothing sensual or artistic about this particular coupling; it was pure, unadulterated friction and raw, urgent need. "Things we're getting dull."

She grunted, her breath hot on the back of your neck, not a single second to waste. Her thrusts were shallow but incredibly fast, designed for maximum stimulation in minimum time. The rough denim of your bunched-up trousers abraded your thighs, and the cold brick bit into your cheek, but all sensation was rapidly narrowing to the point of impact where she drove into you, again and again.

Your teeth were clenched so hard your jaw ached, a strangled whimper escaping you with each forceful impact. Your eyes were squeezed shut, almost rolling back into your head as you tried to find purchase with your hands against the wall, struggling to remain upright under her relentless assault. Her grip on your lower back was bruising, her hand on your head unyielding, keeping you pinned.

"Haah... haah..." she was breathing heavy, her voice tight with her own rising climax. You could feel the tension coiling in her body, the subtle shift in her rhythm that signaled she was close. Her thrusts became even more frantic, desperate to get that release no matter what..

"F-fuck... Ryo please..." she snarled as you let out a stifled moan, your body arching instinctively against her, seeking some kind of anchor in the storm.

This wasn't about your pleasure, not directly, though the sheer intensity was alone was starting to threaten your own orgasm. This was about her, her need, her art expressed in its crudest, most immediate form—a quick, brutal sketch of lust.

"That's it L.B... MMmn..." and with a final series of deep, convulsive shoves that felt like they were trying to drive you straight through the wall, she found her release. Her body shuddered violently against yours, her hot seed pumping into you in quick, powerful spurts. She groaned, a long, ragged sound of pure animal satisfaction, her face buried in your hair.

For a beat, she remained pressed against you, her weight heavy, her breathing harsh and uneven.

That wonderfully electric orgasm vibrated through your entire frame, her body clenching and unclenching around yours as she poured her release deep inside you. But as those first powerful pulses of her climax hit, a frantic, desperate plea tore from your lips, your voice hoarse against the rough brick.

"W-wait.... not... oughhh... not inside... Ryōshū we're on a mission!"

The words were a panicked jumble, a last-ditch attempt to remind her of the precariousness of your situation, the need for discretion, the mission parameters that surely didn't include pit stops to rail each others brains out. "Stop! They'll—they'll know!"

But she was far beyond hearing, beyond reason. Her eyes were screwed shut, her face contorted in a mask of pure, ecstatic release, lost in the torrent of her own sensations. Even if your words registered at all, they were probably ignored. She just grunted, a harsh, dismissive sound, and thrust deeper, as if to ensure every last drop of her essence was deposited within you. The hot, sticky flood continued.

Her body went momentarily lax against yours, her breathing a series of shuddering, ragged gasps. The hand pinning your head to the wall loosened slightly, and for a precious, fleeting second, you thought it was over, that she'd finally expended that manic energy so you two could get back to the mission at hand. You sagged against the brick, your own legs trembling like newborn foals, every muscle screaming in protest. The city's ambient hum seemed to rush back into your ears as the initial adrenaline tapered off.

"Okay... just pull out so we can- MMMNGHHN?!"

Before you could even begin to process what had just happened, before you could try to stand upright or formulate another protest, you felt her stir. Her hand came down, firmly smacking across the expanse of your ass hard enough to leave a angry red mark and jolt your ass back out. Her dick, still mostly hard and slick with a combination of your fluids was shoved back in. Her grip on your lower back tightened again, fingers digging in like talons. The hand by your head, which had momentarily relaxed, slammed back into place, pressing your cheek once more against wall.

"Nngh… Ryō… please…" you whimpered, the words barely audible. Your legs were starting to buckle, threatening to send you both sprawling onto the filthy rooftop.

"One more." she growled, the words vibrating through her chest into your back. There was no hint of compromise in her tone, only the stark, unyielding hunger of her hare augmentation demanding more. "One... more..."

And then, with a grunt of renewed effort, she began to move again. Slower this time, at first, as if gathering her strength, but with the same relentless, driving purpose. Each thrust was a fresh wave of

sensation, a new assault on your already overwhelmed body.

"Haah... ghk..." you simply held a hand over your mouth and muffled it as best you could. Again?! "I… I can't… My legs…" You tried to tense your thighs, to find some stability, but your muscles were quivering uncontrollably, threatening to give out entirely. The wall was the only thing holding you up, along with her ever increasing grip.

"You think with stamina like that you'd be able to serve our lord," she panted, her rhythm already quickening, her earlier exhaustion seemingly burned away by the need to get off. "Tch, consider this training."

Her thrusts became deeper, harder, her initial languor replaced by a renewed, desperate urgency. She was a force of nature, untamed and untamable, and you were caught in that whirlwind, your pleas lost to the wind and her singular, ravenous focus. All you could do was clench your teeth, brace yourself against the wall, and pray your legs would hold, at least long enough to get you to the meet up point for the mission you were no doubt about to be late to.

The world narrowed to the jarring rhythm of her thrusts, the rough scrape of brick against your cheek, and the desperate, ragged sound of your own breathing. Your legs were pure fire, trembling so violently you thought you might black out.

"Mmmhhh!" she hissed out, barely any kind of indication that she was finishing. Her hips hammered against you with a final, frantic burst of speed, a desperate sprint towards release. You cried out, a high, thin sound swallowed by the vastness of the city night, as her body locked tight, a series of deep, shuddering convulsions wracking her frame. "Haah... should be good enough."

This time, with a great, gasping sigh that seemed to drain the last ounce of manic energy from her, she pulled out. The sudden emptiness was a shock, leaving you feeling hollowed out and aching. Cool night air immediately hit your irritated muscles. You sagged against the wall, vision swimming, every nerve ending screaming.

But there was no time for recovery, no tender aftercare, not even a moment to catch your breath properly. Ryōshū was already fastening her own clothes back up. Before you could even attempt to straighten your own clothes, her hands were there, grabbing the waistband of your still-bunched pants. With a quick tug, she yanked them back up

your legs, the fabric sliding against your hypersensitive skin making you shiver. They weren't straight, they weren't comfortable, but they were, for the most part, covering you.

"H.T.I." she spoke quickly, her voice still hoarse but already regaining its usual clipped authority. She didn't even glance back to see if you were complying. "We're falling behind." With a grunt, she finished adjusting her own gear, grabbed a new cigarette from a box in her pocket, and then she was off. A dark blur, she vaulted over an overhand and seamlessly rejoined the unseen, flowing river of hares, disappearing into the oppressive gloom as if what she had just did to you didn't even matter.

For a heartbeat, you remained pressed against the wall, your body a trembling, aching mess. Your legs felt like overcooked noodles, your lungs burned, and a warm, sticky wetness was already beginning to trickle down your inner thighs. But the distant, fading rustle of the other hares, the silent imperative of the mission, spurred you into motion.

With a monumental effort, you pushed yourself off the wall. Your legs wobbled precariously, threatening to dump you unceremoniously onto the rooftop. Every step was an agony, a fresh wave of aches and the humiliating sensation of her cum leaking from you, dampening the inside of your underwear. Breathing heavily, teeth clenched against the discomfort and the lingering tremors of unwanted aftershocks, you forced your protesting limbs into a run. You had to catch up. Lagging behind wasn't an option here, not for your current lord. And so you ran, a compromised shadow desperately trying to keep pace, the evidence of that quick little "detour" dripping down.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> God bless america I hate writing sorry for the delay, I made it 4 chapters now cause I split 3 in half and posted the first half cause I got tired of editing
>
> Anyways this one is like entirely plot for the first half so yeah
>
> OUghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh I want bnuuy ryo to get me pregnant
>
> No beta read either so let me know if there are problems thanks
>
> Theres so much stupid memey shit and references in here just cause I was bored do not take it seriously LMFAO

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The incessant burning in your lungs was constant agony, it was all you could feel in your chest as you did your best to scamper across the dark rooftops. Having to make up that kind of distance in such a short time was no easy task, especially after the state your beloved coworker so decided to leave you in. Each silent foot fall was an exercise in sheer willpower, your vision still swimming slightly, the humiliatingly sticky warmth between your legs making this more like your own private torment.

Yet, you were still Heishou. Weakness was a luxury ill-afforded in this line of work, so you did what you were made to do. You grit your teeth and pushed through the pain, the exhaustion, until finally, the familiar dark shapes of figures lined across the rooftops came into view. Ryōshū was there somewhere too, a shadow among others, her earlier dalliance probably forgotten by now, her focus entirely on the task at hand. She didn't acknowledge your return, her gaze already fixed on the scene unfolding in the street below.

You slipped into a vacant spot at the edge of the perimeter, thankful for how cool the wind was up here, attempting to calm your flushed skin. Below, the designated street was a runway of pale street lights and parked vehicles. And there, walking down the sidewalk bathed in that stark illumination, was your quarry. Not alone, far from it. A small army flanked the target—figures in heavy, well protected equipment, weapons poised, their posture hinting at some form of

competence. Bodyguards, expensive ones at that. Probably contracted from a local Fixer office.

This wouldn't be a simple snatch and grab; it was shaping up to be a massacre.

A silent acknowledgement went through the watching figures. It wasn't a spoken command, not a single audible peep, but a collective understanding, an instinct honed through countless nocturnal hunts and boluses that shaped your body. It was time to hop.

You took a deep, shuddering breath, trying to center yourself, to push past the lingering ache and the discomfort. To force adrenaline to lance through your veins, a welcome antidote to not only your prior weariness, but for the pain that was about to envelop you your entire body whole.

It started with the eyes. One by one, the shadowed faces beneath the wide-brimmed hats ignited with an unnatural glow—irises turning a vibrant, luminous yellow, pupils slitting into thin lines. You felt the change in your own vision, the world sharpening, colors deepening, the darkness receding as if a veil had been lifted. Then came the legs. A grotesque, strange chorus of wet cracks and tears, that echoed along the rooftop ledge as bone and sinew audibly reshaped.

You watched, and felt, your own legs contort, femurs and tibias elongating, feet restructuring into powerful, digitigrade limbs, fur the color of midnight sprouting rapidly to cover the newly formed haunches up to your mid-thigh. The pain was awful, nothing short of hell, but it was quickly subsumed by the adrenaline and raw power thrumming through your altered frame.

Ryōshū stepped up beside you, seeming to hardly be able to contain herself. Her own transformation already having come to a quick finish, her eyes already burning with a fervent, almost lethal anticipation of the slaughter that would undoubtedly follow. Flexing her legs, her gaze met yours for just a fleeting second, before a sly grin cracked its way across, cigarette hanging loosely.

"M.I.O.L.I." was the only thing she said, before being the first to fall off the ledge.

One by one, the enshrouded heishou all surged forward. Barely even making a noise, using the power from their newly mutated limbs, hundreds of shadows launched themselves from the rooftops, a silent, deadly rain descending upon the unsuspecting convoy below. You

were among them, a predator loosed, exhaustion momentarily burned away by the pure, unadulterated thrill of the hunt.

Clay tile.

Open midnight air.

Bright luminescent light.

Concrete.

The impact of landing jolted through your entire core, but the reinforced pads under your feet absorbed a vast majority of the force as you hit the grimy asphalt. Your eyes instantly scan the chaotic scene erupting around you. The initial intrusion of the pack's descent had already broken the bodyguards' formation, several casualties already draped on the floor. Gunfire was spitting out through the air, the sharp crack-crack-crack of automatic weapons as they went off in a maelstrom to try and track down the scattering black-clad figures.

To your immediate left a hulking bodyguard, having easily over a foot on you in height, wielding an assault rifle of some sort. He turned towards you, his face a mask of startled aggression as he came to realize who had come bearing down on their benefactor. Before he could even bring his weapon to bear, you dashed forward, legs propelling you with incredible speed. He tried to trace your movements around, aim lagging behind the rapid lateral movements as you bounced off any nearby surface within reach.

You blurred past his outstretched rifle, the wind of your passage ruffling his hair, and with a swift, spinning kick from one of your powerful hind legs, you connected with his knee. The sickening crunch of bone and the bodyguard's immediate bellow of pain were your signals. He crumpled, weapon clattering uselessly on the concrete. Before he could even hit the ground, you were already pivoting, your enhanced reflexes allowing you to react in a fraction of a second to capitalize off of the hit. You brought your sword down in a vicious arc, the blade crushing his skull instantly with almost zero resistance. Brain matter and blood splattered the pavement in a swift blossom.

Up and over, gunfire littering the ground where you were standing just a second ago. The adrenaline surged through you, a potent cocktail serving to fuel every already enhanced sense and reflex given to you from the boluses. Time was moving in slow motion, allowing you to perceive the trajectory of incoming bullets as glowing tracers

against the night. You weaved and dodged, your movements fluid as you practically glided across the floor, a blur of dark fur against the backdrop of the firefight. A near miss sent a searing red line of heat across your arm where a bullet grazed your skin, but the pain was fleeting, insignificant in the face of what you were sent here to do.

A body carved straight in two, riot shield, baton, everything cut in one straight unwavering line, you already knew who was nearby. Ryōshū was a spiraling, spinning blade that was piercing from one guard to the next like a compass arrow. She parries a spray of gunfire with a flick of her wrist, deflecting the projectiles into a nearby storefront window, shattering it completely.

Catching a blade swinging down into her sword, she vanishes, doubling back as visibly no more than a flashing yellow line. Then, with a lightning-fast speed, she skids past on her heels, decapitates two guards in a single motion. Blood erupts in a crimson geyser, splattering onto nothing because even to your eyes she's already gone. Hunting down the next person foolish enough to be caught in her sight tonight One moment a bodyguard would be leveling his weapon, the next a series of swift, precise cuts cleaving vital points into sixteenths. His arm would be severed, followed by a deep laceration leveling hip to shoulder, carotid severed, followed by whatever else she deemed necessary.

Bisecting torsos, decapitated enemies, nothing was done with an ounce of hesitation. Her yellow eyes burned with a terrifying glee as she danced through the carnage.

“Haah, E.T.T.A.P." She scoffed as a bodyguard discharged a wild spray of bullets, most of them missing their mark as she made zero effort in walking him down before you could already see disembodied fingers hitting the ground.

Minding your own surroundings though you could see the next bodyguard charging at you, average size, heavy-caliber shotgun. You meet his charge, deflecting his initial blast with the flat of your blade, the force shuddering up your arm but barely slowing you. Your legs coil up and kick off, propelling you into the air. You come down from above, a brutal storm of slashes shattering the gun before your blade finds its mark repeatedly—gut, throat, and directly through the face. He crumples, gurgling a red froth.

Spent brass cartridges skittering across the asphalt like metallic insects, and gunpowder smoke so heavy in the air you could taste it.

The screams of the dying mingled with the desperate shouts of the remaining bodyguards.

The longer the fight raged, the more the initial surprise wore off for the security detail, but even then the battlefield was so overwhelmingly onesided now that it would hardly make a difference. Heoshou moved around like blurs, appearing and disappearing in the blink of an eye, their kicks shattering bones, swords cleaving through flesh and armor alike. No amount of training or weaponry would be enough to turn the tide back against the sheer speed and ferocity of the assault. Their disciplined formations dissolved into pockets of desperate resistance.

You saw Ryōshū deflect a knife thrust with her blade, the reinforced plating sparking as it slid across. With enough force the sword sent the guard airborne, her blade plunging deep into the attacker's chest as they landed. She ripped it out, the metal slick with blood, and without a backward glance, launched herself towards another threat.

"Stop gawking like an idiot and go do your job," she muttered as a bodyguard attempted a clumsy roll to avoid an attack.

Through the chaos, a path was beginning to clear towards the center of the fray, towards where the target was likely trying to hunker down. The remaining bodyguards, realizing their initial perimeter had been breached, were now trying to form a tighter cordon around their charge, their weapons leveled, a desperate final stand.

Objective within reach there was only reason to intensify the assault, moving in small groups attempting to pick off heads where there were openings. Their movements became even more frenetic, steps faltering, hesitation where there should be stalwart faith in their teammates. The target was visible now, a sniveling, cowardly man in an expensive suit, his face pale with terror, was now visible through the gaps in his dwindling shield of protectors.

Ryōshū let out no more than a breath, her yellow eyes fixed on the target. With a burst of incredible speed, she launched herself forward, a black streak cutting through the remaining resistance. You followed close behind, your own focus narrowing to the figure cowering in the center. All you had to do was keep the path open, narrow down the amount of targets she had to focus on to get to the center.

Sword in hand you hit the deck, legs kicking off as you spin with your blade as close to the ground as you can get, knocking people off their

feet to cause as much of a disruption as you can.

The target, realizing the futility of his bodyguard's attempts at fighting back, tries to flee. Stepping behind the biggest guy he can find, the bodyguard stands his ground, shield up to try and save his benefactor. But Ryōshū has already placed her mark, sweeping around as she crouches down and vanishes, outpacing even you with ease. Her speed is frightening, the true embodiment of the hare's form. In moments, she's upon him, having gone straight through the guard like he wasn't even there. What comes next is so awful not even you want to watch, flying chunks and splatters of blood. The rest becomes a red splatter.

The battle's crescendo was a symphony of screams, ammo almost entirely exhausted or not given the time to reload. The remaining bodyguards, heavily injured, disarmed, or simply too slow, found no mercy from the Heishou. One unfortunate soul, crawling backward with stumps where his arms used to be, had his retreat cut short as a hare landed on his back, a pair of razor-sharp foot-claws driving through his spine with a deep cut. Another, trying to surrender with hands raised, had his throat slit from ear to ear by a passing shadow, blood fountaining in a wide, crimson arc that cascaded down his shirt.

The Hares are brutally efficient in their cleanup, ensuring no witnesses, no survivors. The stench of blood and viscera is nauseating. But soon enough the droning city backdrop has returned to its familiar distant hum, no voices. No screams.

The other Hares, their yellow eyes dimming as the bolus augmentations began to retract, started to melt back into the shadows, their grim work concluded. Mission accomplished, the target having been dispatched. It was time to disappear.

But Ryōshū… She was a different story.

She stood amidst the carnage, her blade dripping crimson, her chest heaving not from exertion but from her remaining unslaked, boundless energy. Her luminous yellow eyes, far from dimming, seemed to burn even brighter. Her feet, still locked in their digitigrade state, twitched and scraped restlessly against the blood-slick concrete. And then you saw it, impossible to miss even in the dim light—the large, blatantly obvious bulge in her pants. The fight, the blood, the sheer adrenaline of the slaughter, had only stoked her insatiable fires. She was a live wire, crackling with an unimaginable amount of unsatisfied violence.

"That's it…?" she spat out, her voice low and angry , scanning the blood-soaked street as if expecting more enemies to simply materialize out of thin air. "T.S.P.M.O.I.S.T.G."

Well that was your queue to P.O and deal with whatever problems arose when she calmed down. So like a startled rabbit you made your move just a hop and a skip away from blending in with the dispersing shadows of the other Heishou. Every intelligent part of yourself collectively agreeing that you wanted to have no part of anything that had to do with that. But her head snapped towards your sudden movement like a snake, those eyes fixing on you with an intensity that made your skin crawl.

"You. S.T.A.Y," she hissed, her voice not really leaving you with any room to debate. She made her own move towards you, the sheer length of her stride cutting you off so quickly you two almost collided.

"R-ryōshū, the mission's done," you tried, your voice tight. "We need to disperse with the rest of the pack, now."

“That’s because those dullards are satisfied with anything. Something I thought you were above by now." she snarled, before shoving her way on top of you.

You yelped as she tackled you, her strength amplified from the speed, sending you both sprawling with her on top, intent very clear in her eyes. You could already tell reasoning with her wasn’t an option, nevertheless what would happen if you two were caught floundering about at the scene of a bloodbath if any reinforcements showed up. Her fingers were already going to work, finding any tears in your already damaged gear to rip open further, her teeth piercing through the strap on your shoulder as she tried to tear it off with feral abandon.

"Ryōshū, stop! Get off of me!" you yelled, wrestling against her, but she was a bundle of hyper-aroused muscle, the augmentations giving her a significant advantage in leverage and power.

"HaahHMMMGH!? Fucking—Let go! GGGAH! Not here, s-side alley! Now!" you managed to gasp out, gesturing frantically past her head. If she was going to have her way, it wouldn't be in the middle of the goddamn street like a pair of dogs.

She seemed to consider it for a moment, then, with you still struggling in her grip, she practically dragged both of you, stumbling towards the narrow, reeking maw of a nearby alleyway. The moment you were out

of sight of the main street, shielded by overflowing dumpsters and shadows, you saw your chance. Her focus was entirely on her overwhelming sexual need, her movements jerky and impatient, leaving plenty of openings to exploit.

With a surge of adrenaline born of pure frustration and exhaustion, you twisted in her grasp, using her own momentum against her. You shoved her as hard as you could up against the brick wall of the alley.

“W.T.F?!” The surprise at your sudden resistance, made her stumble just enough for you to get the upper hand in the exchange. But it was clear that it wouldn’t be nearly enough, so before she could recover, you just did the first thing you could think of at the moment. Your hand shot out and clamped down on the closest part of her you could reach, which just happened to be the fabric straining length of her cock.

Her breath hitched in a surprised gasp, her body going fully taut as her legs locked up straight. Those feral yellow eyes widening, then narrowed into slits of what could only be described as enough aggression to kill someone outright. A low, dangerous snarl ripped from her throat. "T.H.D.Y.T.Y.D?!"

"Look here you crazy, blood-soaked bitch! I am sick of your shit!" you spat out, your voice full of your own accumulated anger and weariness, your grip on her erection tightening until she winced. "You want this so fucking bad huh?! You wanna fuck right here in this dingy, disgusting alleyway?! Then you're gonna do it on my goddamn terms! You listen to me, for once in your miserable life or you get absolutely nothing!"

She looked at you like she was seriously contemplating ripping your throat out with her bare hands, her legs tensed, body radiating murderous intent. The tension was practically cutting its way into your head, a standoff between her unhinged lust and your newfound, desperate assertion. For a long moment, neither of you moved, doing your best to hold tight and stare back into those eyes with just as much intensity as she was showing you.

But slowly you could feel it, the relaxing pulse of the veins pressed so tightly in your hand, the rigidity in her stance. The heavy panting slowly became muffled behind clenched teeth as she bit back what was likely an insult at your choice in life. Her gaze was still very much lethal, flickered with something else—something you were hoping resembled a grudging acknowledgement, a flicker of her own

desperate need warring with her pride. The pressure of your hand on her throbbing cock happened to be a very persuasive argument.

With a resentful, low growl that was more animal than human, she gave the slightest, almost imperceptible nod. Her yellow eyes still blazed, but the immediate threat of dismemberment seemed to recede.

"Fine," she bit out, the word laced with venom and barely concealed arousal. "W.D.Y.W."

Your fingers tightened mercilessly, eliciting a sharp, choked hiss from her. "What I want is for you to shut the fuck up," you snarled, your voice dripping with a disdain that mirrored the filth of your surroundings. "No more fucking abbreviations. No more talk about your ‘art.’ You’re gonna stand right there until I say we’re done, you get that?"

She tried to speak up, clearly outraged at your demands, "Insolent fuc-NNGH?!"

You gave her cock another punitive squeeze. "Or I walk, and you can deal with that problem by yourself in this piss-stinking gallery. Don't. Fucking. Test me. Hands on the wall. Now."

Once again murder flashed so nakedly in her eyes you almost flinched. But the unyielding pressure in your grip on top of the ultimatum you just gave her seemed to win out. Biting down hard enough to nearly sever the end of the cigarette caught between her teeth, she slapped her palms flat against the wall at her sides. “Hurry up.”

Satisfied, you slowly began to squat down on your heels. Your gaze never left hers, watching for any sign of defiance, any twitch that could suggest she might break the command you had just given her. The alley was claustrophobic at best,the dim light filtering down from the street, painting her furious, aroused face in stark relief. It was hardly big enough to keep your face from being nose deep in her groin if you moved forward another inch.

The bulge was more than obscene at this point, a monumental, straining arc that seemed to pulse with a life of its own. Your fingers fumbled with the clasps and ties of her gear, the task made difficult by the sheer tension of the fabric stretched taut over it. When you finally managed to wrestle the fastenings open, her cock quite literally sprung free.

Your breath caught in your throat, the inside of your mouth going

drying out instantly. It was… way, WAY bigger than usual. You didn't know if it was due to the still-active augmentations, but you were familiar enough with it to see that it was engorged to an almost painful degree. Veins like thick ropes traversed its length, and you could already see the glistening beads of precum that had been responsible for staining the cloth prison it wasn't encased in earlier.

It fell heavily, slapping against the side of your head, resting by your cheek like the barrel of a gun. The heat radiating from it was intense, and it was twitching. A lot. Each twitch sent a fresh, viscous spray of sticky fluid arcing into the dim alley air, some landing on your cheek and shoulder.

Ryōshū let out a ragged, desperate hiss. "H.I.U."

You shot her a look of pure, undiluted hatred, your lips curling. "I said shut up," you bit out, your voice low and venomous. But you still couldn't deny the sight of that massive fucking pillar of muscle, it was a drug in itself. Your own body, despite your anger, despite your exhaustion, was beginning to betray you with a familiar, traitorous thrum that came with that musky scent.

With deliberate slowness, you reached out, your hand steady as it closed around the base of her shaft. It was rock-hard, hot as a brand. You gave it a few deliberately sluggish strokes, your thumb pressing into the thick vein that ran along the underside, feeling her whole body jolt, her breath catch. Her hands, still pressed flat against the wall, flexed, her nails scraping against the brick, the only outlet for the frustrated energy coiling within her. She desperately wanted to grab your head, to slam your mouth onto her, to take back control.

Then, leaning in, you flicked your tongue out, licking as agonizingly slow as you could, tracing a path from the base of her straining cock all the way up the hypersensitive shaft to the leaking tip. The taste of her was overpowering—sweaty, musky, fuck. All of it was only amplified by the adrenaline and bloodlust still clinging to her.

She groaned deeply, her hips giving an involuntary buck against your hand as she tried to keep her own down. "Fuck… Haah…" Even in her submission, you could tell her approval was more geared towards letting you know how good it felt for her.

You continued your ministrations, your touch amounting to what could only be called a mockery of worship. Your tongue, instead of engulfing her as she so clearly craved, became an instrument of

exquisite torture. You licked slowly up and down the throbbing shaft, paying lavish attention to the underside, then dipped lower, lavishing her heavy, sweat-slicked balls with a teasing, suckling motion that made her groan and buck against your hand. All the while, your fingers maintained a firm, rhythmic grip, stroking her, bringing her closer and closer to the edge, only to intentionally avoid the final, desperate plunge to finish her off.

Her hands, indeed, kept inching away from the wall, fingers curling into claws as if itching to throttle you, to pull your head down, to force the issue. The first time her right hand moved more than a few inches, your own free hand shot out, smacking it hard against the wall with a sharp crack. "Tch!" she snarled, flexing her stinging fingers. "The fuck did I just tell you?" you bit out, your voice like ice. "Keep your hands still or I'll break them." You punctuated the threat by raking your nails lightly, yet painfully, down the sensitive flesh of her captive cock. She hissed and her hand slammed back against the wall.

This became a pattern. Her restraint would fray, a hand would creep, and your punishment would be swift. The back-and-forth was as much verbal as physical. "Look at you," you sneered, your face close to hers, your breath mingling with her heavy, panting exhalations. "Just an animal in heat, aren't you? All that talk about art and discipline, and you can't even control your own fucking paws when your dick gets hard. It’s pathetic.

You’re sure under any other circumstances you’d be a severed head by now, but Ryōshū seemed content with the physical attention at the moment. "When I get loose," she ground out, seeking to hardly bite out the intimidation around suppressed moans. "Y.A.F.D.”

"Yeah yeah," you taunted, your fingers pressing down to rub the tip even harder, making your tone as smug and infuriating as possible. "You'll flay me slowly? Make art from my screams? Is that all your stupid beast brain can think about? Killing and fucking?”

"You’ll see," she seethed, her whole body trembling, not just from arousal but from the sheer effort of holding back her violent impulses. "I’ll fuck you till you bleed.”

"Big talk from the little bunny who can't even keep her hands to herself." To emphasize your point, you brought the head of her cock right to your lips, tapping it lightly against your closed mouth, then against your tongue as you stuck it out, a drawn out, insulting tease. Her hips slammed forward involuntarily, a desperate, needy thrust.

"Haah—Nngh—Almost—!" she gasped, her eyes rolling back, her body arching violently. You could feel the tell-tale pre-orgasmic spasms beginning at the base of her shaft, a large surge of ejaculate building its way up to release.

"Ah, ah." you whispered, your voice suddenly devoid of taunting, replaced by cold, hard control. In an instant, you stopped all stimulation. Your hand shot to the base, clamping down with bruising force, cutting off the blood flow, effectively strangling her impending orgasm.

Ryōshū was panting like an actual animal, raw, agonized sounds at the thwarted release. Her body convulsed, a violent, frustrated shudder. "A-ah fuck! Let me—"

"Not yet," you stated, your face looking up, your eyes locking with her furious, desperate gaze. "You don't get to finish until I say so. Until I'm satisfied you've learned a little fucking self-control." You held her there, on the agonizing precipice, her body trembling, sweat pouring down her face, her breath coming in ragged, desperate sobs. "You want it, Ryōshū?" you purred, your voice a silken knife. "You want to finally cum, after all the shit you've been putting me through? Then ask me. Nicely. Like you mean it." You stood up, leaning closer, your lips almost brushing her ear. "Beg for it, Ryōshū."

Her response was a furious, choked silence. Her entire body vibrated with suppressed rage and unendurable tension. "P-please…" The word was a jagged shard of glass, forced out through gritted teeth, so low and tortured it was barely recognizable as her voice. Seeming as if the sheer effort of uttering that single, humiliating word was worse than everything else currently going on.

You smirked, a slow, cruel curve of your lips. "Please what, Ryōshū? Use your words.

Her jaw worked, a muscle twitching violently in her cheek. "F-fuck…" she choked out, her eyes squeezed shut as another wave of denied orgasm wracked her. "Please… let me cum… I… I need it… Let me… go…"

"That's better," you purred, your voice dripping with smug satisfaction. "Since you asked so nicely."

With that, you released your strangling grip on the base of her cock and your hand immediately went to work, stroking her with a renewed, merciless speed. Ryōshū's was practically howling, a sound

that echoed off the damp alley walls, as the pent-up orgasm finally erupted.

Her body arched like a bow, slammed back against the brickwork by the sheer force of her release. Hot, thick, pearlescent ropes of cum jetted from her dick, sludging onto the filthy ground at your feet, one thick stream after another. She was a fountain of pure, desperate release, her hips bucking uncontrollably, her entire frame convulsing as she breathed in huge, shuddering gasps. You watched, stroking out each throb as the torrent continued, until it eventually tapered off into thick, heavy drips that oozed from the still twitching penis.

But you gave her no second to recover, no moment to savor the aftershocks or even catch her breath. Even as you coaxed the last bits out, you were leaning in. Your lips pressed against the softening length, planting a series of soft, wet kisses along the side. You licked away the remaining beads of semen, your tongue swirling around the head.

Ryōshū let out a confused whine, her body still trembling. "Wha—? W.A.Y.D."

"We’re not done until I say we’re done." you murmured against her skin, feeling her begin to harden again against your lips. Her stamina, even when she was being dominated, was truly monstrous. “You’re not the only one who’s pent up."

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on twt please or I’m gonna do something idk

https://x.com/boaing737?s=21

Chapter 4

You weren't done with her, far from it. How could you be when the perfect target was right there in front of you? Standing up to match your height, your eyes fell on her scarf, a signature part of the required Heishou attire. Seeing it just hang there loosely around her neck was more than enough incentive.

You reached up, your fingers tangling in the thick fabric, and gave it a sharp tug. Ryōshū stumbled forward, her eyes widening in surprise as you effectively fashioned it into a makeshift leash.

"Come on," you ordered, your voice despite the close proximity. You turned, pulling her by the scarf, leading her a few steps deeper into the alley until you reached a relatively cleaner patch of wall. You braced your own front against the cool, damp brick, mirroring the position she'd forced you into earlier on the rooftop, your ass angled invitingly. "You liked this position so much before, didn't you? What are you waiting for?."

Ryōshū, still dazed from her orgasm, her body aching, yet already re-aroused and now leashed like an animal, stared at your presented backside with confused hunger. Her breath was still heavy, her augmented legs tensed.

"What… right now…?" she managed, her voice raspy.

"Now," you said, looking over your shoulder with an almost irritated glint in your eye, "you fuck me. Between my thighs, like the desperate, impulsive nuisance that you've shown you like to be. And you do it until I'm satisfied. Understand?"

She barely even gets a word out, before the leash pulls her stumbling forward again. With a low, growl that was less protest and more acknowledgement, Ryōshū's hands found your hips. Her still-massive, throbbing cock pressed against the cleft of your ass. She began to hump, a quick, desperate, rhythm against your thighs, the leash only yanking when you clearly found her pace lacking, or thought she was getting too handsy.

The rough indents on the wall were cool against your palms, nothing like the searing heat building between your thighs where Ryōshū, leashed and ostensibly under your command, humped against you frantically. Her massive dick trapped between your tightly pressed

legs, created an intense, grinding friction that, despite your dominant position, was starting to send sparks of pleasure through your own system.

Suddenly a sharp nip cut through the pleasure for a moment. "Filthy… haah… fucking animal," you spat, yanking hard on the scarf leash as her teeth grazed your shoulder, trying to bite through your tunic. You hadn't even noticed when she had shifted up further. "Keep your fangs to yourself! Or do I need to muzzle you too?"

Ryōshū just snarled, clearly frustrated at the current arrangement, but her biting stopped, though her hips continued their relentless, piston-like thrusts against your backside. She was like a wound-up machine, her earlier begging forgotten, now solely focused on the physical act. She couldn't penetrate you like this, not properly, but the sheer size and hardness of her erection rubbing against your most sensitive areas was creating an unexpectedly potent stimulation.

Her hands kept trying to sneak around your waist, to grope your breasts, to pull you tighter against her. Each time, you yanked the scarf hard. "Hands off, I said!" you'd bark. "Can't even follow one simple order. Too busy thinking with your oversized dick?"

"T.A.T.Y.F.H.O," she growled back, her voice containing barely suppressed fury, her thrusts becoming more savage.

"Oh, I'm shaking," you retorted, though a traitorous tremor was indeed starting in your legs, one that had little to do with exertion. The quick, frantic, rubbing pressure was building rather fast. "'I'm gonna… haah… h-hey slow…mmMGHHNNH?! Slow down!"

But your commands were losing their bite, your voice becoming slightly breathless. The more you tried to fight the rising pleasure, the more intense it seemed to become. Her frantic rhythm was perfectly, maddeningly, rubbing against your clit through your pants, each thrust sending a jolt of unwanted ecstasy through you. Even as you desperately tried to use the leverage from the leash to yank her off of you.

"Ngh—Don't you fucking dare—!" you gasped, as the feeling intensified, coiling tight in your lower belly. "I'll—I'll kill you if you don't stop, Ryōshū! Let go!" Your hips instinctively tried to buck away, to create space, but she was relentless, her grip on your waist now surprisingly strong, her body a furnace against yours.

"Mmm… feels good right?" she panted, a hint of her usual cruel

amusement creeping back into her voice as she felt your involuntary responses, before biting down hard on the shell of your ear.

"F-fuck… I'll make you—" But it was too late. The friction, the pressure, the heat—it all crested in a sudden, overwhelming wave. A sharp, involuntary cry tore from your lips as your orgasm hit you. Your entire body seized, your vision flashed white, and your fingers, which had been gripping the scarf so hard your knuckles turned white, went limp. The makeshift leash slithered from your hand, falling uselessly to the grimy alley floor.

The moment the tension on the scarf vanished, Ryōshū seemed to sense her opportunity. Her thrusting didn't stop; if anything, it became more directed, more purposeful. Her hands, now free from your reprimands, snaked around your waist, fingers digging into your flesh, pulling you tighter against her grinding hips. One hand slid lower, cupping your groin, her fingers pressing hard against your slit through your pants, mixing together with the unwanted aftershocks of your orgasm.

"Ryōshū, stop! I swear to god—!" you sobbed, your voice full of spent pleasure and rising panic as you felt her shift, her intentions being more than clear. "Get your fucking hands off me! I'm still in charge here!"

A raspy little chuckle was all you got as a response, vibrating against your back. "Not from where I'm standing," she purred, voice a velvet growl near your ear. Her free hand was already at the waistband of your pants, fumbling with the fastenings, intent on removing the last barrier between her still-raging erection and your now thoroughly compromised body. You tried to twist, to fight her off, but your limbs were weak, your body still shuddering with the remnants of your orgasm. At this rate it was just gonna end like last time.

The fabric offered no resistance as Ryōshū, hooked her fingers into the waistband and ripped them down your legs, the material tearing with a satisfyingly violent sound. They pooled around your ankles, leaving you completely bare from the waist down, still pressed against the alley wall, your body shivering in the air. Before you could even process the new level of exposure, she was crouching behind you.

Hot breath fanned across your ass cheeks, followed by the shocking, electric touch of her tongue. You helplessly tried to cry out, as she began to lick a stripe from the base of your spine down to the cleft of your ass, then lower, nudging your thighs apart with her nose.

"Nghh… Ryō… please, just wait I…" you mewled, your voice a pathetic whimper. Your hands flailed behind you, trying to find her head, to push her away, but you were so overstimulated, your limbs so weak, that your efforts were feeble and uncoordinated.

She ignored your pleas, her tongue finding your clit with unerring accuracy. It was already hypersensitive, swollen and aching from your recent climax, and her renewed attention was just more stimulation stacked right on top. She latched onto it, sucking and licking with a ravenous hunger, her tongue a merciless engine of delight. Moans ripped from your throat, high-pitched and uncontrolled, echoing in the narrow space. You were lost, drowning in sensation, your brain short-circuiting. One hand managed to find her hair, tugging weakly. "Mmmph… ahh… stop…"

"S.W.E.E.T," she mumbled against your flesh, her voice thick and muffled, her fingers digging into your hips, holding you steady as she kept going. "And all of it just for me."

It didn't take long. Your body, already primed and exquisitely sensitive, betrayed you again. Another orgasm tore through you, even more intense than the last, a full-body convulsion that left you sobbing, boneless, and completely at her mercy.

As the violent tremors subsided, Ryōshū rose, her form looming over you. You felt her hot, massive erection press against your backside, clearly intent on immediate penetration following the preparation. The thought of completely falling victim to her again however, sparked another desperate surge of defiance in your exhausted body.

"I said get off!" you shrieked, twisting with surprising strength, shoving at her chest with all your remaining might. "I said I'm in charge! You LISTEN to ME, you fucking beast! Get DOWN!"

The shove, combined with her slight imbalance from crouching and rising, sent you both tumbling. You landed awkwardly, but somehow, amidst the tangle of limbs and the slippery, blood-stained grime of the alley floor, you ended up on top of her, your hands instinctively slamming down on either side of her head, pinning her.

You were both panting, chests heaving. The stench of sex, sweat, blood, and refuse filled the air. Ryōshū lay beneath you, her augmented legs splayed out, her luminous eyes narrowed, watching you with an unreadable expression. Her cock jutted upwards, pressed hard against your stomach. It was truly, terrifyingly, massive. Pressed

against you like this, the thick, engorged head reached almost to your ribcage. The sheer scale of it this close up, each individual throb making your breath catch in your throat.

"Scared little rabbit?" she purred, her voice laced with mockery. Her gaze flickered down to where her erection tented your shirt, then back to your face.

"S-Shut up, Ryōshū!" you gasped out, trying desperately to project an authority you no longer felt. Your body was a wreck, trembling and aching, still slick with her saliva and your own fluids. "Don't… don't move! I'm… I'm going to ride you… and you're going to stay completely still! Got it?!" You tried for a glare, but you knew your eyes were probably wide and unfocused.

"Just… lie there!" you insisted, your voice wavering. "Don't… God, Ryōshū, you're… you're fucking huge…" The words slipped out, a testament to the sheer intimidation that augmented anatomy inspired. Your bravado was crumbling fast in the face of that monumental, throbbing reality pressed against your belly. You were falling apart, your earlier disdain now a confusing mess of fear and a deeply unsettling arousal.

Your heart hammered against your ribs like a trapped bird. Ryōshū despite lying beneath you wasn't at all phased, her monstrous erection a vertical challenge against your trembling stomach. Swallowing hard, your mouth still dry despite the recent ministrations, you tried again.

"I said stay… stay still, damn you…" you stammered, your voice betraying your nervousness. "I'm… I'm doing this… You just lie there and take it."

With shaking hands, you reached down, your fingers brushing against the hot, pulsing shaft. It was already slick with pre to the point of being drenched. Taking a deep, unsteady breath, you tried to guide the massive head towards your entrance. It took several clumsy attempts, your own body tensing in anticipation. Then, with a sharp intake of breath, you slowly, carefully, begin to lower yourself.

The moment it entered you, you could already feel every bludgeoning inch pushing you open. "Oooooh fuckk…"

It was… impossible. Too big. Too thick. It stretched you to your absolute limit, a burning, incandescent pleasure-pain that overloaded every nerve ending. You felt yourself being split, filled, utterly impaled. You'd barely taken an inch of her, your hips still high above

hers, and already your vision was whiting out. You tried to push down further, to "ride" as you'd so boldly claimed, but the sheer, overwhelming sensation was too much. A violent tremor seized your body, and with a choked sob, you came, a near-instant, explosive orgasm that left you gasping, your muscles clenching uncontrollably around that incredible, invading flesh.

Ryōshū was doing her own part in self control as she kept her hands off you, but made no effort in sparing her feelings on the matter. Especially with that stupid smirk she was giving you. “Is that really all that it took? P.Y.A.B.F.T.”

"N-No!" you panted, even as the aftershocks wracked you. "That's… that's nothing! I'm… I'm fine! I meant to do that! S-See?! I'm still in c-control!" Your voice was a pathetic squeak, your body a quivering mess atop her.

Ryōshū made no effort to correct you, just watching your pathetic attempts to ride. She just laid there and watched you unravel yourself, her massive cock still hardly in at all, yet eliciting such a clenching, spasming response.

"H.O.P or I'll do it myself, you're starting to fall behind." she hissed, while clearly more lenient, she wasn't exactly happy.

"Shut up!" you snapped, trying to rally, to regain some semblance of your earlier dominance. You tried to move, to set a rhythm, but your hips felt disconnected from your brain, your thighs trembling too violently. "This is just… the start! Once I get ready…"

For a few more moments, Ryōshū allowed your futile attempts. But it was becoming painfully, humiliatingly clear that you had zero leverage, zero actual dominance here. You were impaled, overwhelmed, and barely coherent. So she decided to speed it up a little.

It started subtly, a slight upward tilt of her hips, a gentle buck that met your clumsy downward press. "Ryōshū! I said stay still!" you shrieked, your voice cracking. "I'm the one—nghh!—the one in charge here! Stop… moving!"

Her only response was a deeper, more powerful thrust upwards. Her legs moving upward at this angle had incredible strength. She began to meet your faltering attempts to ride, her hips surging to meet yours, driving her colossal cock even deeper, hitting spots you didn't know existed, each thrust sending lightning bolts of pure, unadulterated

sensation through your overloaded system.

You folded instantly. All pretense of control shattered. Your back arched, your head thrown back, and you could only cling to her shoulders, your nails desperately digging into her flesh, something, anything to anchor yourself with. You were no longer riding her; she was fucking you from below, effortlessly.

"Mmm…ahn… Ryōshū…" you whimpered, even as your body shook with every word, grinding down onto her with a desperate, all-consuming need. "I can't… Ahh! Fuck! I'm… I'm going to… RYŌSHŪŪŪŪ!"

Your climax hit with the force of a demolition ball, an unending, soul-shattering cascade of pleasure that obliterated thought, reason, and any last vestiges of your asserted dominance. You screamed, a raw, mindless sound of pure ecstasy, your body convulsing violently around her, milking her with an intensity that was entirely out of your control. Ryōshū grunted, her own pace quickening, her thrusts becoming even more savage as she felt you come apart on her.

Through the roaring in your ears, you could vaguely hear her muttering to herself. "Knew you'd come around," she spit, her voice had a slight victorious lilt as she continued to fuck your brains out, your desperate, broken cries of supplication lost in the undeniable truth of your complete and utter submission to the pleasure she continued to inflict on you.

End Notes

https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

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